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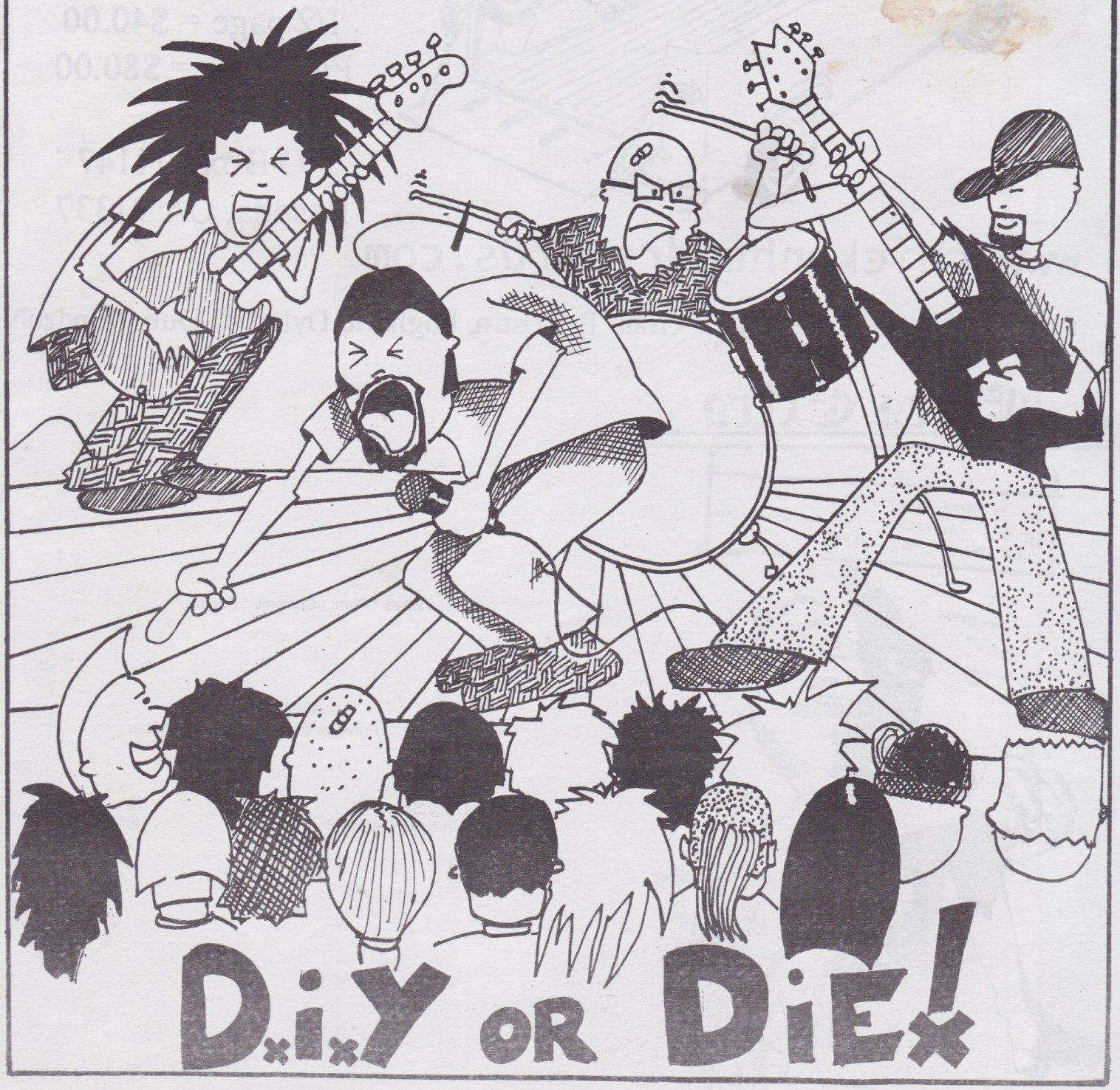

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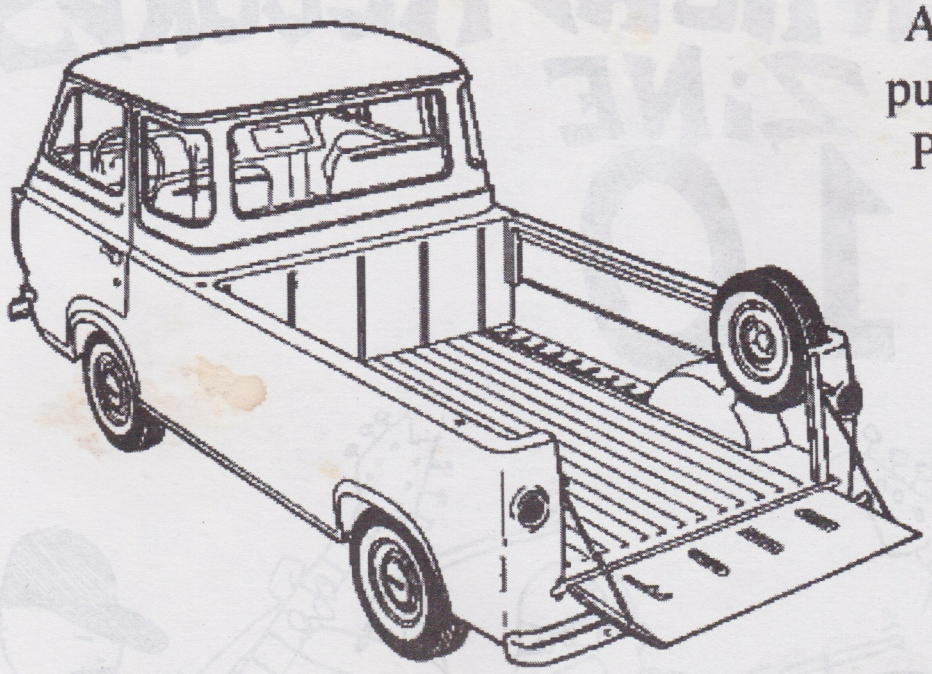

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ALL AGES!

I was going to do an article on why the Environmentalist Movement is a bunch of crap this time around, but I have not had the time to get all the research down. So instead, I'm going to do a list of hate:

People that have Disney characters on the backs of their cars: OK, so it would be obvious to the casual observer that you are a bovine consumer cheese-head that will gladly take anything that corporate America ram-rods down your throat with sufficient authority, but to broadcast to everyone by putting Whinny The fucking Poo on your car is like sending people chat messages IN ALL CAPS ALL THE FUCKING TIME! You know you're a moron, why the need to share this fact with everyone around you? Disney is gay, and Walt, well I wish he were alive just so I could kill him with my own two hands. Do we really need to have more from this company, all the fucking singing, stop already. And Dis-me-Land is something like 50 bucks to get into now, so fuck that place. If your kids need something to do, let them clean your guns.

Microsoft Word: ARRRGH! As you can see we are not in columns this time, why? Because my fucking MS Word decided it was going to be a dick this time around and not let it work. Yes, it worked fine the last time but this time OH NO! Right now Bill Gates is giggling while masturbating in his own feces, just overjoyed at the suffering that he's inflicted on countless millions by forcing us to use his shitty product.

Guys who wear ill-fitting girls clothing and are too skinny: Have you seen some of these emaciated ghouls slinking around your local record store lately? First let's find some nasty pastel t-shirt that's too small and stretch it over our skeletal heroin bodies. Wee! we are now cool. I had the misfortune of having to go to Smellrose the other day, and the streets were infested with these Keith Richards circa 1968 look-alike fashion zombies. I remember ½ shirts for guys in the 70's and they were gay (80's vernacular) then and are still gay (again in the "those guys are fags!" Jeff Spickoli vein) today. Please, go overdose in a corner somewhere; your bands sucks, and when you go bald at 22 from too many drugs, you won't be able to get into the club where the big gay (in the contemporary guy who like other guys way) door guy let's you in for free because he wants to tunnel your anus.

Diets: Enough already with the "Fatkins" and "The Cone" and all the other diet fads out there. Diets fail because they all are lacking one vital component: Willpower. We're Americans, we are supposed to have too much shit; too many shoes, too many cars, too much debt etc. It's our birthright to be fat, lazy, gluttonous pigs. Everyone is trying to get as much as they can, so why not fat as well? On a similar note, I hate all those reduced fat, low fat foods. A low fat cookie is still a cookie that just tastes bad, so why bother? I want "increased fat", "more fat" or "lard +" type of products. I want people to get so fat that they can't leave so I can drive my smoke belching truck down the road with no traffic.

People that go out in public together and then gab to someone else on their cell phone the whole time: Really, just stay home if you're going to go to a coffee house and blab on the phone while your friend just sits there like a dufus. Why would you want to go hang out with someone that spent the whole time out talking to someone who isn't even fucking there? I see this quite often, and while it is an expenditure of energy to hate these clods, they seem to deserve their fate. On the phone thing, call waiting has gotten my ire. It's like someone just butting into your conversation, but everyone thinks it's a perfectly acceptable practice. "Oh hold on, someone that's more smart, rich, funny, or I want to fuck may be on the other line, so just hold on a bit. It's just plain rude. I'd say that the overall level of rudeness has risen quite a bit, partially due to rampant techno-lameness.

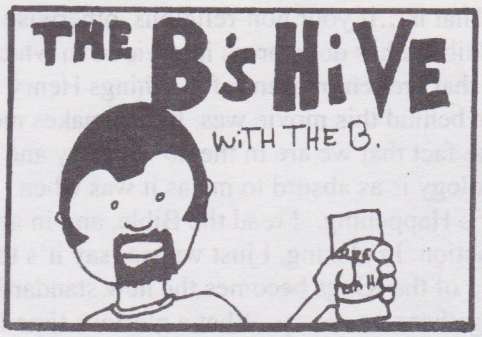
Super bright headlights: Ahhh! Why are you trying to blind me? What is the point of these super bright lights? I was riding my bike home tonight and I thought, "One could read by these street lights." Yeah I know, real fucking profound. Unless you're driving in an area where there are no streetlights, these uber lights only serve to blind fellow motorists. I guess the only advantage is you can see the guy in front of you flip you off when it's dark out.

People that lob out knee-jerk clichés when you say something: When you say something like "I have a cold." to someone, they invariably blurt out "It's been going around." How do they know this? Is there some periodical out there called the *Disease Weekly* that they are getting and I'm not? As if these banalities are supposed to make me feel better? If you don't have some useful information to impart, then please shut the fuck up. Next time I tell someone I have a cold, I want them to volunteer to suck the snot out of my nose with a wet-dry vac.

People that wear giant ass pants around their ankles: I have not been able to understand why this trend has not gone away. Huge shirt and then the pants are barely held on by a belt. You can't even walk, let alone jog or run with gynormus pants that you have to keep pulling up every two seconds. What happens when you're late for the short bus? You'll miss out on nutrition. Many of these turd burglars are also fond of the crooked hat thing. I'm sorry, I don't get the crooked hat thing, it's gay. People get really mad when you tell them their hat is crooked. That "Left Eye" girl from TLC wore a crooked hat, and guess what? She's dead! Please be careful.

People that have a piercing, cackling laugh: You're in a public place and then all of a sudden, this sound like a hundred angry crows starts resonating though the place. It's fucking annoying. Anyone with a loud, obnoxious laugh should be killed, or at least all sent to Canada where they can live next to the French. You're not fooling anyone, we know you are not happy

and that laugh is just over-compensation. Besides, you can't be happy, it's simply not allowed. So go home, down some Prozac, beat your kids, and shut the fuck up. Nuff said. PFD.



Hey folks, The B here again, and this one's called, Jesus Saves, but Mel Gibson spends. What the fuck! This country has lost it's fuckin' mind collectively! The Passion of the Christ? What kind of passion could a 30-something year old Jewish virgin teach the world about? Don't get me wrong, I believe this movie has an intriguing premise. Jesus (the first hippie) walks around getting his ass kicked for 2 and a half hours. The problem is, the movie is subtitled. Fuck that! Who wants to read when they go to the movies? Then again, most of the people who are going to this movie either can't read or don't choose to. That makes this film the Dummies Guide for the reality challenged, or opium for the masses in celluloid form. Now before you crucify this Jewish carpenter (hey, I took wood shop), let me just say, if religion or spirituality floats your boat, that's fine as long as you don't ramrod it down other's throats (especially mine). But that's the problem this film has. Intentionally or not, this film makes the self-righteous even more vocal than they originally were. This film perpetuates certain people's narrow interpretation of some 2000-year-old anthology of stories. People feel that this movie is gospel, and have no problem telling their views about this film and religion to other people after seeing it. The film has even affected some people's behavior. This is the part where, I believe, the country has gone haywire. George Bush is talking to Jesus in the oval office. The ruler of the free world is talking to a mythical figure (Jesus), who even if he did exist, which has yet to be proven, died some 2000 years ago. This is complete insanity…the division between religion and government has become obscured when it should be apparent and unyieldingly upheld as it is stated in The Constitution. Because of this and other recent events (Iraq), is it any wonder that the people of the Middle East are seeing the U.S. as launching the new crusade into the "holy" land? This is wrong, and contrary to popular belief, the U.S. were not founded upon the principles of the church. In fact, Thomas Jefferson spent most of his life fighting the church's attempts to influence and enter politics in Virginia. Also, the mention of God was not added to the Pledge Of Allegiance until the 1950's when the repressive McCarthy Reich was at its height. Sadly, people too often believe what they're told, and don't check the facts. This angers me, because I'm optimistic in my belief that the majority of us Americans are sane and at least semi-intelligent. And when I say sane, I mean realistic. Whether atheist, agnostic, spiritual, or even religious, at least knowledgeable enough to realize that religion has no place (or ever did) in the governing political arena. Religion historically has the blood on its hands of more people than any other phenomena human beings have ever experienced. It has also played and under current in every war mankind has ever seen. The reason for this is simple; a man does not naturally have the desire to murder. We kill for survival, defense, and territory. To motivate a populace to go to war when all of these necessities are met, one needs the power of religion. Religion convinces 18-year-old boys that they are doing the right thing by killing another person, even though they have no reason to. Don't get me wrong Osama Bin Laden and Saddam Hussien are assholes that the world could do without, but Edie Amin and Pinnochet were even worse, and this country didn't do shit to stop the genocides those motherfuckers caused. There are hundreds of countries with despotic, tyrannical, bloodthirsty butchers for leaders (like ours), but if the U.S. has no interests there, then those offending leaders are not even verbally castigated by our politicians. At this time in our history, our government is more concerned about Janet Jackson's tit than it is about the rising cost of gas and unemployment. This is sad not to mention scary because this is a diversionary tactic used previously by Reagan and also Bush 1 to take our attention away from the real atrocities being committed against us. Religion is being paraded around with an easier to swallow name…Family Values. How absurd is that? How can government determine what family values are for every family? This country is the most diverse country in the world, and what gives these Goddamn fanatics the right to enforce their views onto everyone. The funny thing is, in my experience, I've noticed that the more religious someone is, the less they behave the way their religion commands. I've studied religion, and I have yet to find one that says kill those who don't conform to its standards. Most religious people are resentful, judgmental, miserable, gossiping, narrow-minded, joyless crones. In fact, they're the type of people that Jesus would scold if he really existed and appeared on Earth. In a lot of ways religious people are like ex-drug addicts. Former drug addicts can't wait to tell you how they overcame their addiction. This is especially strengthened if they gave up drugs and found Jesus. These people are never truly happy because their entire life is spent rendering the gospel. This would appear to be a benevolent thing, but the motives behind this are self-serving. Instead of truly caring about "saving" another's soul, they are really just looking for comiseraters and accolades. It's just like that old Cheech And Chong skit where Chong tells Cheech, "man, I used to be all messed up on drugs, and then I found the lord. Now, I'm all messed up on the lord." Religious people are typically inflexible and unrelenting in their persecution of others and even their own kind. They typically simile in your face, and degrade you when you're not around. Anyway, media has jumped into this religious sea of redundancy as well in the form of Mel (I'll drive that tanker) Gibson's The Passion Of The Christ as I mentioned earlier. This film is mother's milk to the association of adult believers in Santa Claus and Easter Bunny, known more widely as the Christians. People are watching this movie and taking it in as fact. They are crying in the theater! I teared up during Return of the King, but I didn't leave the theatre and thank a hobbit for his people's sacrifice. You know why? Cause hobbits don't fuckin' exist. They're fiction, as is The Passion Of The Christ, and in my opinion, as is the Bible. The Bible is a collection of moral fables written by

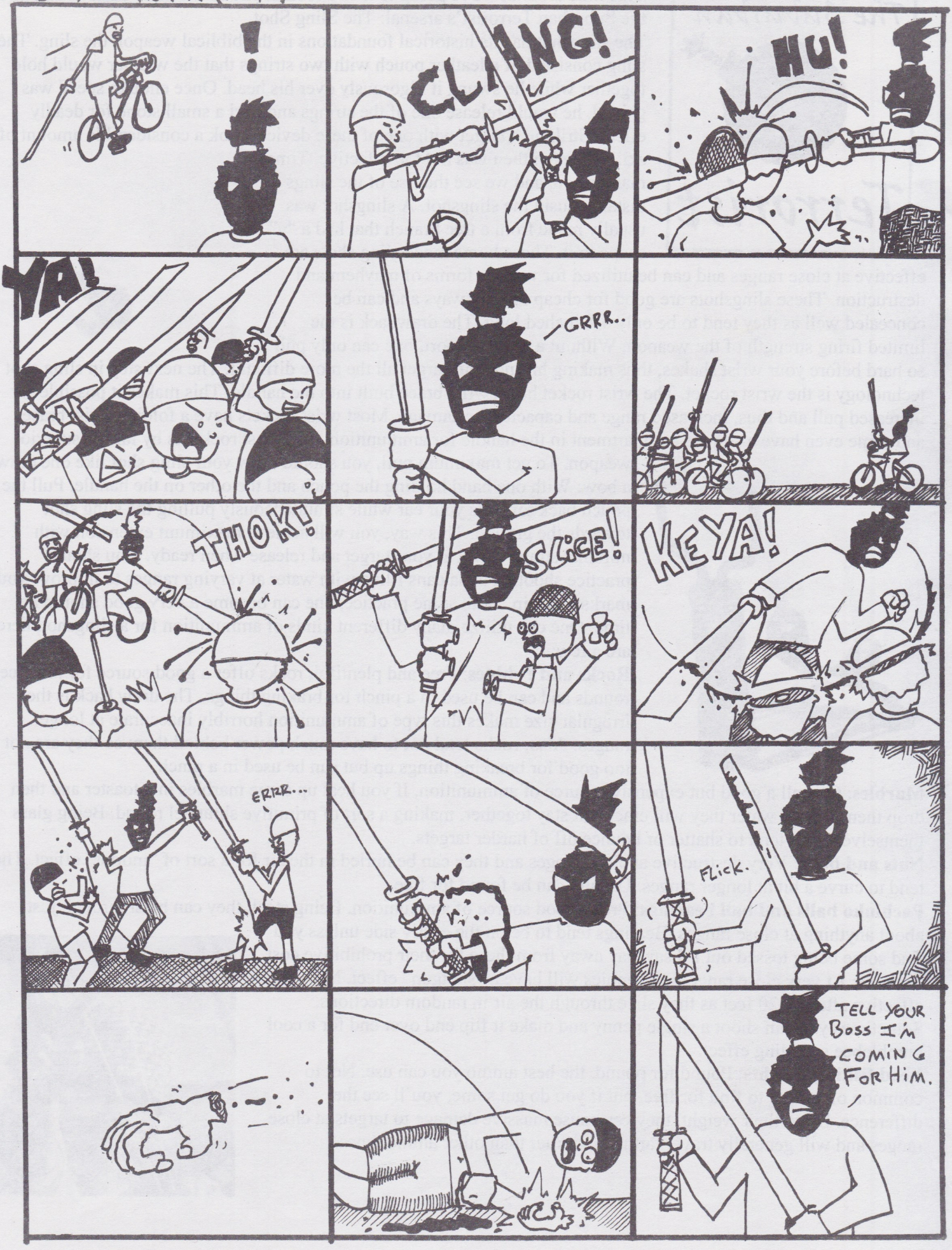
man, and designed to teach lessons, but like all fables, not to be taken to a literal extreme. People are watching Mel's Passion and doing insane shit. The kind of shit you would be institutionalized for…that is…unless you said Jesus told you to do it. One woman has even gone so far as to have driven her car into a river after viewing this film in an attempt to baptize herself. These type of people are probably your neighbors, and they most likely hate you. That is…if your non-religious, otherwise known as sane. Mel Gibson made this film to honor his father. His father, Hutton Gibson has done press interviews in which he downplays the reality of The Holocaust and makes other comments about Jews that are reminiscent of the things Henry Ford (Hitler's Hero, look into it) used to say. It makes one wonder what the motive behind this movie was. It also makes me wonder how far the apple falls from the tree as far as Mel Gibson is concerned. The fact that we are in the 20th century and people and governments are letting their and our lives be dictated by ancient mythology is as absurd to me as it was when ReRun joined that cult and started worshiping Ralph the head of cabbage on What's Happening. I read the Bible, and in all honesty, I have to say, The Old Testament makes for better movies; it's got more action. In closing, I just wanna' say it's too bad I won't be alive in the far future when Christianity has been forgotten and Lord of the Rings becomes the new standard of religion. People will be driving around with Dungeons and Dragons dice strung together as a rosary. What a glorious time that will be when the signs say Frodo Saves. I'm upset I'll be dead when it happens, but when I'm dead, I've got other things to worry about according to The Baptists. They say I'm gonna' to burn in Hell for eternity, because I killed their lord, and I don't believe in him. Oh well, it could be worse. They could be right, I could be wrong, and in a moment of 80-year-old weakness, I could breakdown and convert and thereby subject myself to the Disney, Stepford, Osmond style heaven Baptists envision. Until next time, God protect me from your followers, Amen; go with God, and Holy Snappers…Blasphem-B (The Father) and (B)ezus (The Son)

Bedtime for Reality-Pure Insanity I, the wizard, have been challenged to mortal kombat (and I have all the cheat codes biz-oy). Some young guy (a Chinese dish) has dared to cross cheese logs at sunrise. A threat to me of Roquefort warfare? The insult, however, I need not tell you of. Insanity, your world is riddled with it. I've pondered your quandary and still wonder why your people cannot distinguish between reality and fantasy. The reality is that all of your people live in a fantasy world. The men with their corporations delegating authority with clip-on pony tails and let's do lunches. They round off the day in some dungeon, crapping in diapers and calling some leather nun, "mommy." The women dutifully thaw fleshly killed meat from the market. They watch their Harlequin soap operas and dream that their man could be a Spanish swashbuckler whisking them away on a white horse, all the while, bouncing their newborns. The question is, how did everyone lose their minds? Was it light beer? Some bastard mowing his lawn at 7 a.m on a Saturday? Pet psychotherapists? Spaghettios? Iraqi timeshares? A donut? Angora sweaters? The smell of cabbages? The snuggle bear? Suv drivers? The blue man group? The answer is simple. You were born crazy, are crazy, and will remain crazy. The machine of birth, school, work, and death insures this. Just think back and surely one of these four horsemen drove you over the edge at least once.

The solution however is difficult, fight or become extinct. Take charge of your life and affect change in this reality. Why not start your own jihad? Choose people that you hate (you don't need to have any real reason to dislike someone) and threaten to sell them into slavery if your demands for change aren't met. Your other option is to complain, say this or that is unfair over a grande latte frappe mocha cappuccino, and let others make your decisions for you. In this waking dream called reality this wizard pities the fool (and I don't like planes neither) that lets himself be led into a fight without knowing the reality of what he's fighting for. So sayeth The Wizard.

Hate Him.

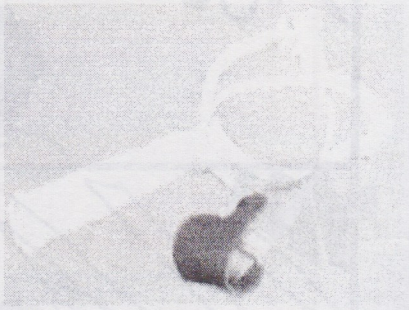
Bicycle Ronin (Part 2)



The Suburban Terrorist

This time around, we're going to take a look at one of the most basic weapons of the Suburban Terrorist's arsenal: The Sling Shot.

The slingshot has its historical foundations in the biblical weapon the sling. The sling consisted of a leather pouch with two strings that the wielder would hold together while he swung it vigorously over his head. Once enough speed was gained, he would release one of the strings and hurl a small stone for deadly effect. Striking a target with one of these devices took a considerable amount of skill and even then was not too effective. Time marches on, and we see the rise of the slings distant cousin the slingshot. A slingshot was usually made from a tree branch that had a "y" shape to it. These home made sling shots are effective at close ranges and can be utilized for various forms of mayhem and destruction. These slingshots are good for cheap throw-aways and can be concealed well as they tend to be only 6-8 inched long. The drawback is the limited firing strength of the weapon. Without a wrist support, one can only pull so hard before your wrist shakes, thus making hitting your target all the more difficult. The next step in sling shot technology is the wrist rocket. The wrist rocket had a wrist brace built into the handle. This makes it possible for increased pull and thus, increased range and capacity for damage. Most wrist rockets have a folding wrist brace, and some even have a storage compartment in the handle for ammunition. The wrist rocket is by far the superior weapon. To get maximum pull, you should draw your sling shot like one draws a bow: With one hand holding the pouch and the other on the handle. Pull the pouch back towards your ear while simultaneously pulling the sling shot towards the ground. This way, you will achieve maximum extension with minimal strain. Level at your target and release when ready. You should practice shooting soda cans filled with water at varying ranges to improve your marksmanship. With some practice, one can become a very good shot in no time. One can utilize many different kinds of ammunition for a slingshot, here are a few:



Rocks and Pebbles: Free and plentiful, rocks offer a good source for practice rounds and can be used in a pinch for braking things. The draw back is the irregular size makes this type of ammunition horribly inaccurate at longer ranges. Also, rocks tend not to have much power behind them so they are not too good for breaking things up but can be used in a pinch.

Marbles: Overall a good but expensive source of ammunition. If you heat up some marbles in a toaster and then drop them in cold water they will crack but stay together, making a sort of primitive shrapnel round. Being glass themselves, they tend to shatter or bounce off of harder targets.

Nuts and bolts: Very destructive at close ranges and they can be hurled in the air for a sort of "mortar" effect. They tend to curve a bit at longer ranges. Usually can be found for free.

Pachinko balls and ball bearings: Pretty good source of ammunition. Being steel, they can blast through just about anything at close ranges. Bearings tend to be on the costly side unless you find some being tossed out I'd say stay away from these for their prohibitive cost.

Pennies: At very close range five pennies will have a "shotgun" effect. Not very effective after 15-20 feet as they slice through the air in random directions. Sometimes you can shoot a single penny and make it flip end over end for a cool bumblebee sounding effect.

Lead fishing weights: Pound for pound, the best ammo you can use. Not to common of a thing to find for free, but if you do get some, you'll see the difference. Do to their weight, they can cause massive damage to targets at close ranges and will generally travel farther and truer than other ammo types.

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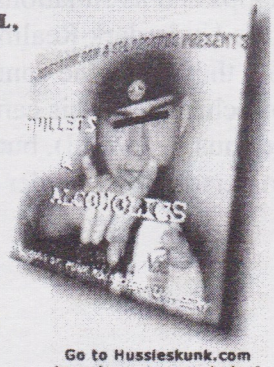

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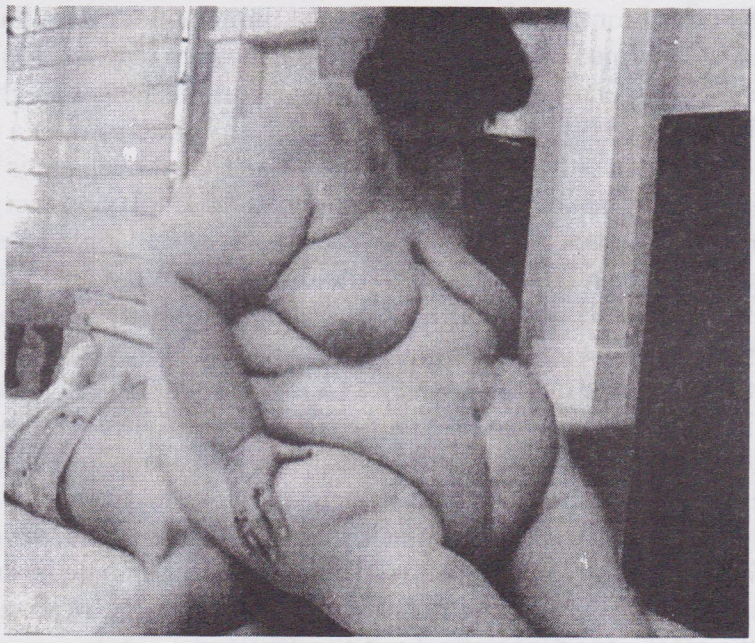

There's really no point for this picture. It's just tasteless and will most likely offend some readers. And now for a shameless plug:

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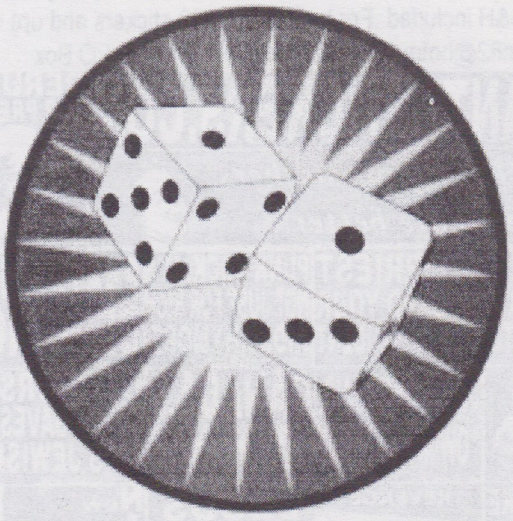
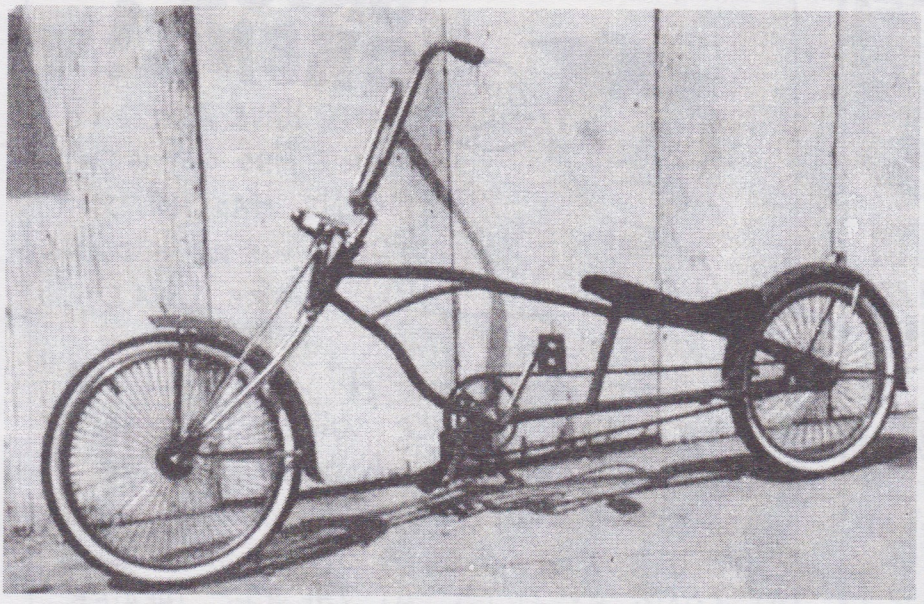
The Game Geek



Hey everybody, it's me The B and I'm doin' the Game Geek this time. Being the squire the royal family of geeks (Mark Mothersbaugh (DEVO), Geddy Lee (Rush), and Greg Hawkes (The Cars), it is only appropriate that I contribute, at least once in a while to this informative arena of dice rolling debauchery. So off we go! This time around, I'm going to talk about character development. This can be a misleading topic because many people will think that I'm talking about level advancement. This is what most people consider character development to be. That's unfortunate too, because if that is the only kind of character development people are interested in, then their gaming sessions wind up becoming more like a tabletop group video game, than the storytelling epics I used to spend hours enjoying. I know everyone wants their character to be powerful and successful, they should, but people should develop a 3 dimensional persona to go along with those stats. It can make the difference between a set of numbers and a real character. More importantly, it can mean the difference between a bland game and a spectacular one that you refer about to other geeks. The group dynamic changes when everyone is truly role-playing and not just dungeon crawling and leveling up. A group playing colorful characters has a blast. Creating a good story and staying true to one's character become as important as the mission set before the party. Many times, in my gaming experiences, role-playing has consumed more hours than the actual adventure did. Also, many times the DM has spun several adventures off incidents unrelated to the original adventure. Extemporaneous incidents can and have become an enjoyable night's adventure, and when this happens the DM's work is minimized. He can sit back and arbitrate only what is necessary, but in essence, the characters take care of most of the action. O.K. now I know you're saying, "what are some of the things that make for a good character." The main things are: strengths, weaknesses, desires, and goals. The characters you are playing are not you. Unlike most gamers, characters are motivated and have goals for their lives. That being said, play them as if you were a person with hope. The strengths of a character are always the most pronounced: strong fighters, nimble thieves, brilliant wizards, wise clerics, and such. Weaknesses are not as well defined by most people, unless they are playing a point-based system such as GURPS where you receive points to spend on advantages by taking disadvantages. In the AD&D game a low stat could be the only character flaw utilized by people, that is if they even bother to keep a character with a low stat. My favorite character has an 8 constitution, is bigoted towards most other creatures, and is a religious fanatic. This is nothing like myself, and that's what makes the character so much fun to play. In fact, many times while the party has been traveling, I have had this character force the party to stop and wait while I rested. I just rationalized that a low constitution along with sun sensitivity weakness would lead to this outcome. In essence, I self imposed this weaknesses on my character for better role-playing and realism. Desires and goal can be simple or elaborate depending on what one wants to come up with. Wealth and power are the most common, with revenge running a close second. They can be cliché, but you can always devise a new twist on an old cliché. Goals can be established at the beginning of the character creation process, or developed as the character develops and as situations dictate. I have a halfling whose goal is to own his own pub, and a cleric who wants to retake the Underdark Realm (meldar). These examples are 2 different extremes. One is humble, the other is extravagant, but they show the contrast of which I speak. On a final note, try not to rely on unique magic items alone to define your character. This can be fun in some ways (like a fighter with an intelligent sword that is smarter than he is, and thus in control), but when and if the defining item is lost or destroyed, you're gonna' need your character to have a personality in order to perpetuate continued fun. B (the most important thing, I put away my toys)

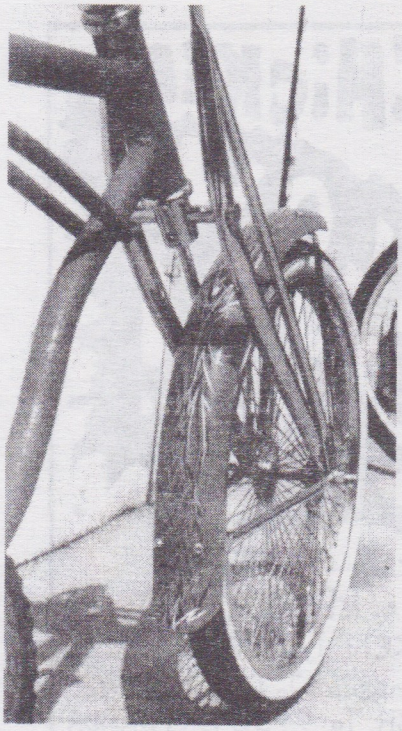
Bad Ass Bike!

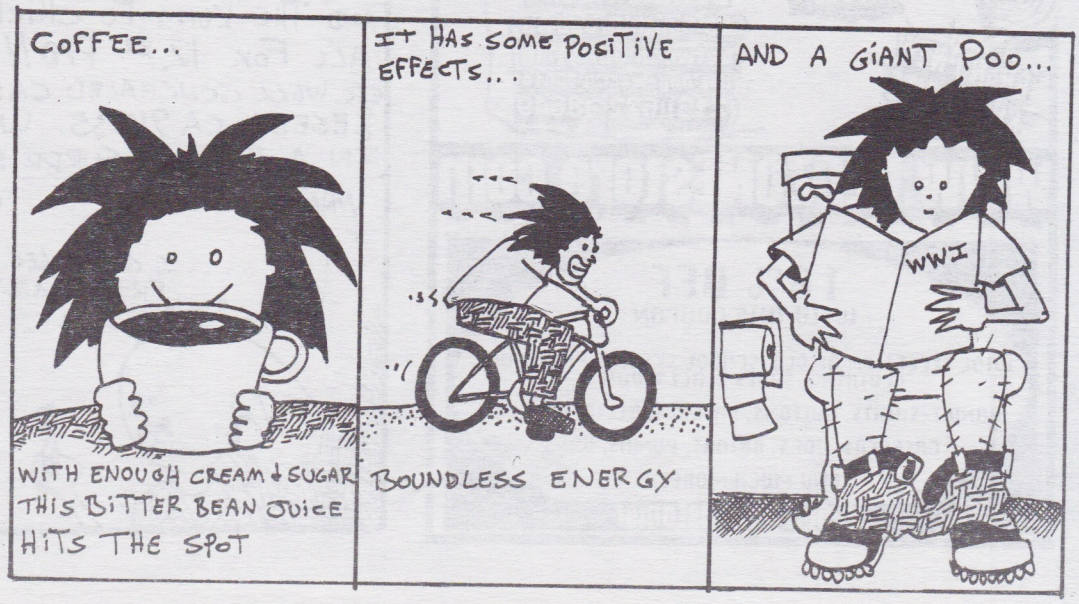


The Hellbound: This bike was a 20" vista muscle bike frame that Germ stretched out and then threw it on a pallet shelf for about 8 months so it could get nice and rusty. Finally, he decided to do something with it, lest he loose it to someone else willing to finish the job. The frame is primered red with a banana seat slammed down onto the frame. A 26" springer fork, 144 spoke rims, and ape hanger bars finish out this kool kustom ride. The fenders were chrome, we ruffed them up with sandpaper, and painted them gloss red and then our resident pin-striper Von Lugo did an awesome black and gold graphic on both fenders. The Hellbound is a very nice riding bike, it's so low to the ground that there are no brakes; you just use your feet to stop it. There are some companies coming out with stretched cruisers now, but none of them really go all the way with the kustom look. Most are pretty tame, easy to ride, middle-class, weekend suburban rebellion bikes, and they can't compare to a homespun one-off kustom bicycle. Check out the rest of the stuff we've got going on at

www.choppercabras.org

Got a cool bike you want to see in this Zine? Send color pics and a floppy of your write-up c/o Chicken-Head Records




COFFEE...
WITH ENOUGH CREAM & SUGAR THIS BITTER BEAN JUICE HITS THE SPOT
IT HAS SOME POSITIVE EFFECTS...
BOUNDLESS ENERGY
AND A GIANT POO...
WWI

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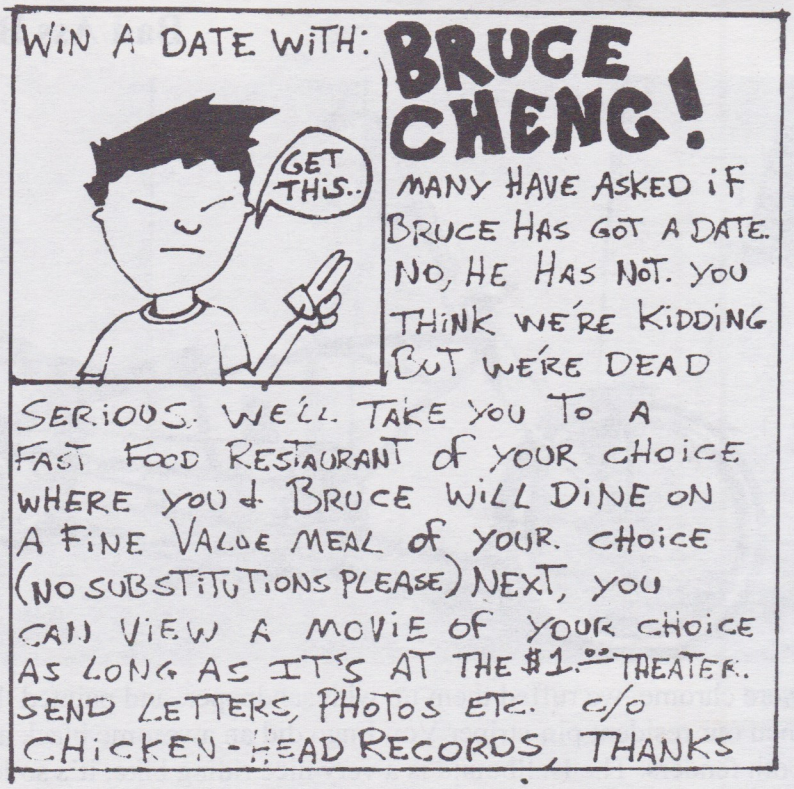
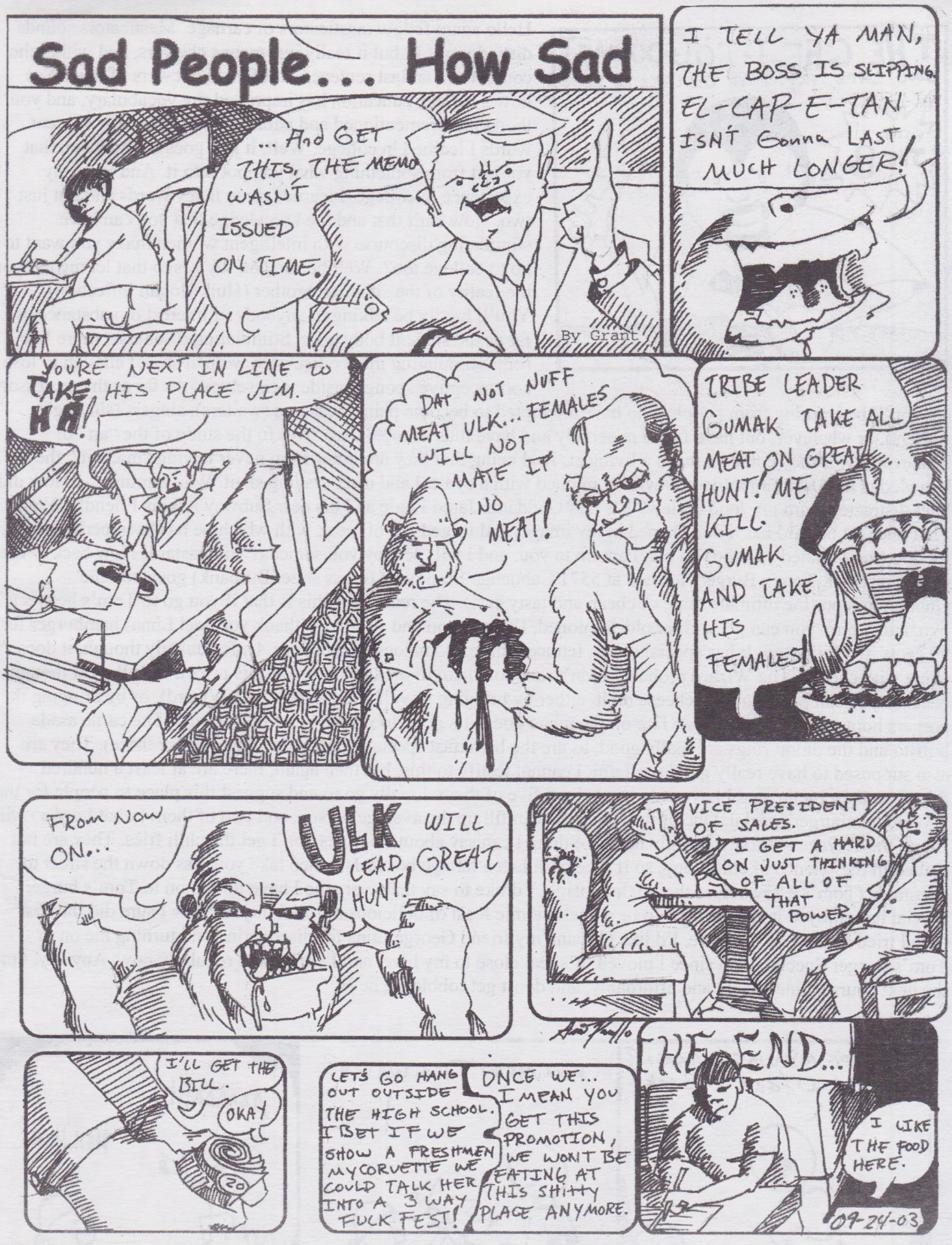
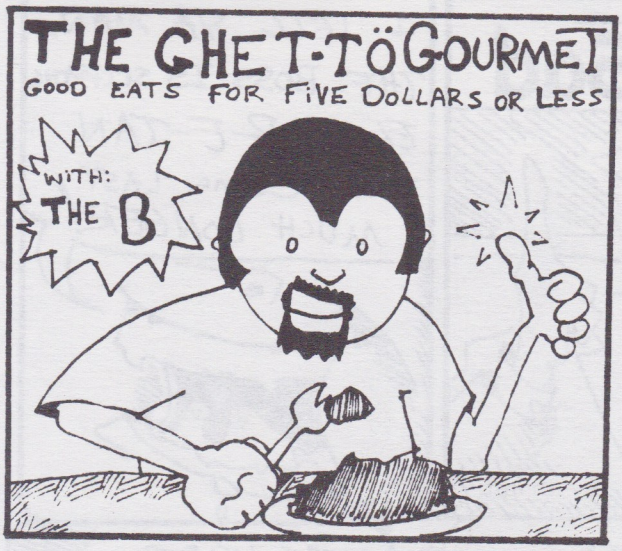
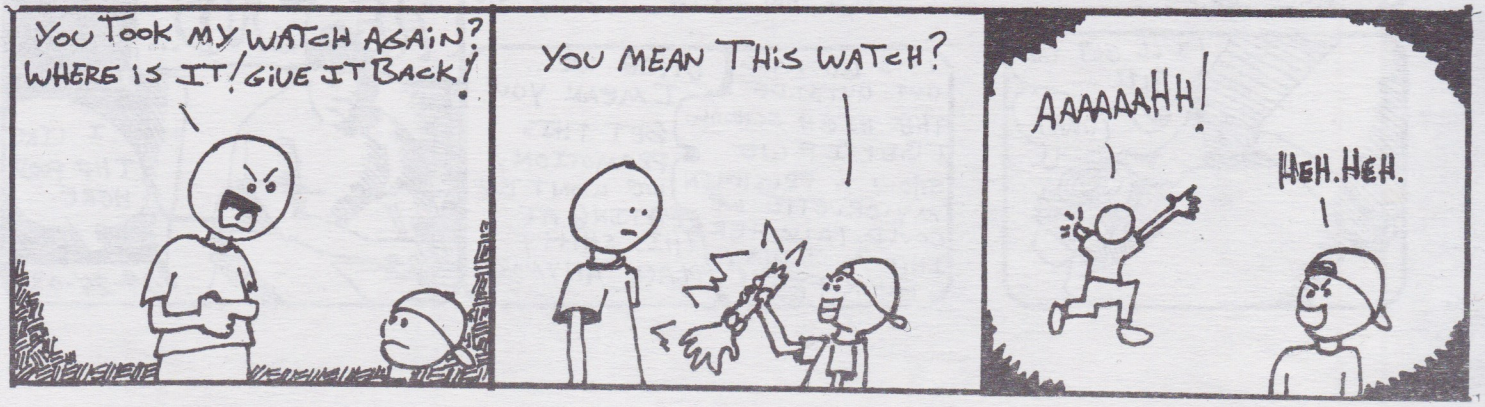

WIN A DATE WITH:
BRUCE CHENG!
GET THIS..
MANY HAVE ASKED IF BRUCE HAS GOT A DATE. NO, HE HAS NOT. YOU THINK WE'RE KIDDING BUT WE'RE DEAD SERIOUS. WE'LL TAKE YOU TO A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT of YOUR CHOICE WHERE YOU & BRUCE WILL DINE ON A FINE VALUE MEAL of YOUR CHOICE (NO SUBSTITUTIONS PLEASE) NEXT, YOU CAN VIEW A MOVIE of YOUR CHOICE AS LONG AS IT'S AT THE #1.ºº THEATER. SEND LETTERS, PHOTOS ETC. c/o CHICKEN-HEAD RECORDS, THANKS

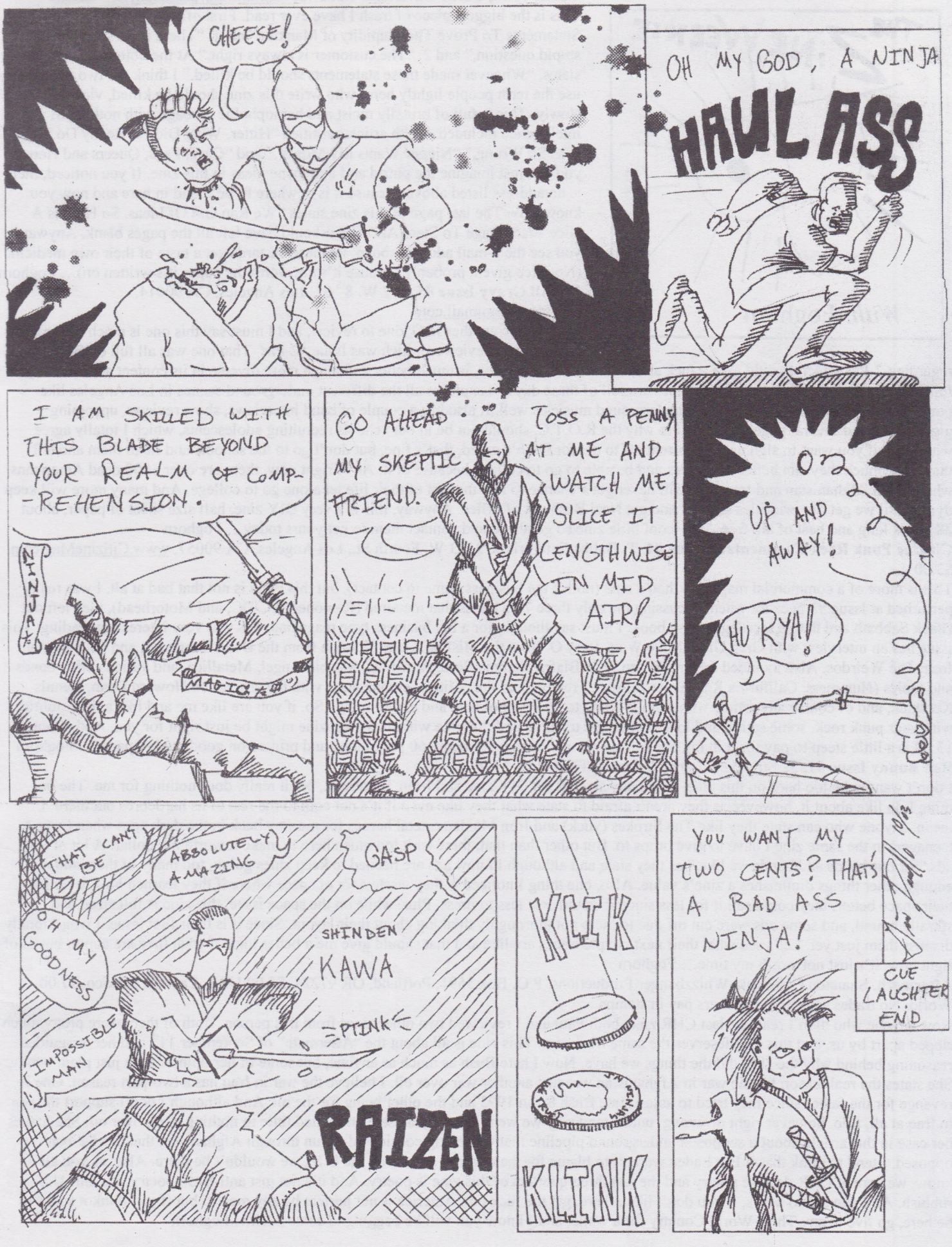
KUNG-FU CHICKEN
BLOW OUT SALE!
YOU GET: CHR-005 KFC FULL LENGTH CD) CHR 002-(KFC 7" RECORD) A KFC T-SHIRT, AND THE KUNG-FU CHICKEN BOARD GAME ALL FOR 12ºº PPD!! CHECKS TO PAUL deVALERA OR WELL CONCEALED CASH TO: 7938 ETIWANDA RESEDA, CA 91335. WE'LL ALSO THROW IN A RANDOM SURPRISE GOODIE! YEAH!
WHAT DID YOU GET?
I GOT 1 LEG FROM A G.I. JOE DOLL.
CHILI FRIES, WHAT DID YOU GET?

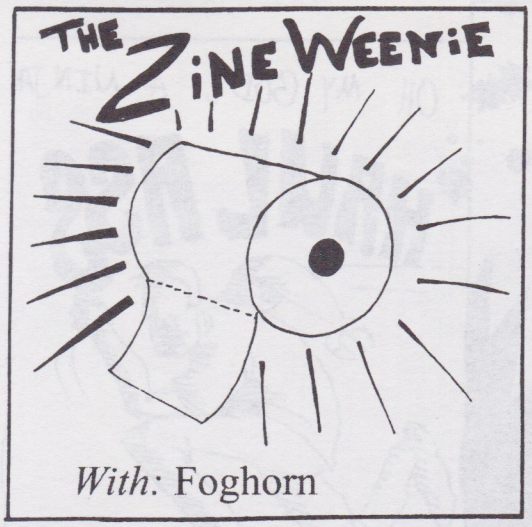

Sad People... How Sad
... And GET THIS, THE MEMO WASN'T ISSUED ON TIME.
By Grant
I TELL YA MAN, THE BOSS IS SLIPPING. EL-CAP-E-TAN ISN'T Gonna LAST MUCH LONGER!
YOU'RE NEXT IN LINE TO TAKE HIS PLACE JIM.
HA!
DAT NOT NUFF MEAT ULK... FEMALES WILL NOT MATE IT NO MEAT!
TRIBE LEADER GUMAK TAKE ALL MEAT ON GREAT HUNT! ME KILL GUMAK AND TAKE HIS FEMALES!
FROM NOW ON...
ULK WILL LEAD GREAT HUNT!
VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES.
I GET A HARD ON JUST THINKING OF ALL OF THAT POWER.
I'LL GET THE BILL.
OKAY
LETS GO HANG OUT OUTSIDE THE HIGH SCHOOL. I BET IF WE SHOW A FRESHMEN MY CORVETTE WE COULD TALK HER INTO A 3 WAY FUCK FEST!
ONCE WE... I MEAN YOU GET THIS PROMOTION, WE WONT BE EATING AT THIS SHITTY PLACE ANYMORE.
THE END...
I LIKE THE FOOD HERE.
09-24-03



Hello again fellow masticators of carnage. Masticators sounds dirty doesn't it, but it really just means chewers, and within the context of that last sentence, it refers to chewers of flesh. See how a college education has improved my vocabulary, and you thought aforementioned and paradigm were the only 10-cent words I learned in college. Well, it just goes to show you that you get from something what you put into it. And from my experience in college, I learned three fancy words and not just two. Now isn't that and the knowledge that you can have stimulating discourse with intelligent women make you want to go to college too? Well before you say yes to that let me tell you the reality of the situation brother (Hulk Hogan inflection). You'll hardly be talking to anybody of interest or substance as far as the student body goes. Stimulating discourse, more like semi-stimulating intercourse with women stupid enough to lose a contraceptive sponge inside themselves. As far as the professors go, you'll be learning from people who have attempted to become painters, actors (waiters), singers (singing waiters), or whatever, but have failed miserably and have thus devoted their lives to the study of the "art" of whatever it was they couldn't make a living at. And being that they are bitter from never having "made it," the knowledge they will impart to you will be imbued with a cynical and discouraging slant. Wait a minute… How did I get distracted from my food review? It's that Goddamn Jared Fogle and his new Subway Atkins Friendly Wraps. That once fat bastard has a doll shaped in my image, and forged out of meat, with which he has been performing foodoo (food related voodoo) on me. I am on to you, and I will destroy you someday you bastard! Now back to the important stuff, Tom's Burgers located at 5571 Cahuenga Boulevard (cross street Burbank) goes into the Ghettonomicon (the ultimate tome of cheap and tasty eats). The reason for this is that if you go to Tom's between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. you can get a killer old-fashioned, I'll race you and your hair (thank you Joel Luna) hamburger for 99 cents. It's killer too. It has special sauce, lettuce, onions, tomatoes, and pickles. Unfortunately though, it doesn't come with cheese (The Wizard probably didn't sanction them to include cheese at this price). It's all right though, because you can put your own cheese on it, either by bringing it with you (as does The Wizard), or by bringing the burgers home. As far as the other fare on the menu goes, it's good too, from what I have tried. The carne asada burrito and the onion rings are really good, as are the breakfast specials (check the windows for these). They are also supposed to have really good pastrami. I cannot testify to this, but then again, there are at least a hundred things on their menu, and I have only tried about five of them. I really go to and suggest this place to people for the 99-cent hamburger special. One of these burgers can fill up the average person, and two of them (what I order) will fill up the average glutton. The only negative thing I can say about Tom's is don't get the chili fries. They are not skilled in the science of chiliology, so if it be chili laden fare ye be craving then take your ass down the street to Tommy's (Tom's + my before the 's). In closing, I'd like to say that everyone I have turned on to Tom's burger special has enjoyed it and found it to be a ghettonomic feast of delicious affordability. I know I sure did the first time I tried it. And on that note, I'd like to thank my friend George Luna for discovering and turning me on to Tom's Burger Special. And since I moved, it's real close to my hive, and I eat it quite regularly now. Anyway, until the next course, dine wisely and affordably, and don't get robbled, The B.




CHEESE!
OH MY GOD, A NINJA
HAUL ASS
I AM SKILLED WITH THIS BLADE BEYOND YOUR REALM OF COMP-REHENSION.
NINJA
MAGIC
GO AHEAD MY SKEPTIC FRIEND.
TOSS A PENNY AT ME AND WATCH ME SLICE IT LENGTHWISE IN MID AIR!
OR UP AND AWAY!
HU RYA!
THAT CAN'T BE
ABSOLUTELY AMAZING
GASP
OH MY GOODNESS
SHINDEN
KAWA
IMPOSSIBLE MAN
PTINK
RAIZEN
KLIK
KLINK
YOU WANT MY TWO CENTS? THAT'S A BAD ASS NINJA!
CUE LAUGHTER
END



Vomit Trail, Cultic Christmas Issue #3, vomittrail@yahoo.com
This is the biggest piece of trash I have ever read. First off, they start with "2 Statements To Prove The Stupidity of Mankind" as: 1. "There is no such thing as a stupid question," and 2. "The customer is always right." At the bottom of the page, it states, "Whoever made these statements should be killed." I think the two people (I use the term people lightly here) who write this zine should be killed, violently and slowly. This is full of brutally racist and homophobic garbage with nothing of intelligence included. With articles entitled "Hitler, What Did He Really Do That Was So Wrong," "Nigger Wants My Money," and "Gays, Fags, Queers and Homos," you can just imagine the putrid and inhumane ideas in this zine. If you noticed, there is no address listed above because it is nowhere to be found in here and now you know why. The last page of this zine states "We Ran Out Of Ideas, So Here Is A Nice Blank Page To Stare At." They should have left all the pages blank. Anyway, you see the e-mail address above; let these bastards get a taste of their own medicine (No price given, probably because it's not worth the paper it's written on)… Foghorn

It's All Gravy Issue #5, 312 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, CA 90014, gravyzine@hotmail.com
Here I have another IAG zine to review, and I must say this one is much better than the last one I reviewed which was Issue #2-Pac. That one was all full of things regarding 2-Pac which I could give a fuck about. This issue, however, is much better and much more diverse in its content and it's not just full of the same old garbage that most zines are full of these days. It explores all the different underground scenes in Los Angeles like punk, ska, metal, hip-hop, and Spanish underground music as well. It also has a couple of band interviews, show reviews, upcoming gigs/events, and several pages dedicated to why the R.O.T.C. should not be in our schools recruiting adolescents, which I totally agree with. Hey, if you want to sign up and be sent off to die for Bush's greed, that's fine, but don't go to the schools and lie to them and tell them how much they can better their lives and be able to go to college because of it. As of right now, there are over 1000 dead Americans who died in Afghanistan and Iraq who will never get a chance to live the rest of their life let alone go to college. And many more will keep dying until we get our priorities straight and get Nazi Bush out of office. Anyway, this is a very DIY zine, half size sheet of paper, about 28 pages long and best of all, free. Very cool little zine so go ahead and contact them to get yours today… Foghorn

Citizine Punk Rock Commentary Issue #4, T. Dubbs Enterprises, 2513 W. Fourth St., Los Angeles, CA 90057, www.CitizineMag.com, $3.00
This is more of a commercial magazine than a zine (notice the business name to contact), but this issue is not that bad at all. I was really perturbed at Issue #3 because when discussing the only three 70's bands that mattered (Ramones, AC/DC, and Motorhead), they left out Black Sabbath and that is sacrilege in my book. I must say though, for a big business type magazine, this was very interesting reading. This issue has an interview with Greg Ginn, Mike Watt, Jerry O. from the Misfits, Klaus Fluoride from the Dead Kennedys, and Cliff Roman from The Weirdos. Also included are articles on Jello Biafra, Sammy Sosa, Anti-Flag, Morbid Angel, Metallica, and various other bands and topics (Hummers, California Recall, etc.). Also, I really liked the political commentary with the articles on Howard Dean, Dennis Kucinich, and of course any article with Jello is going to be very political and entertaining. So, if you are like me and like a little politics with your punk rock, some satire, and lots of opinions to agree and disagree with, this magazine might be just right for you. And although $3.00 is a little steep to pay for it in my book, it seems worth the price being 60 pages long and printed on good quality paper… Foghorn

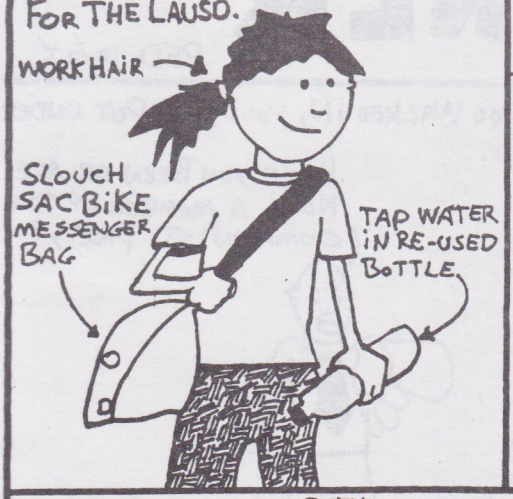
Bad Bunny Issue #1, 52 Strickland Lane, Ardmore, TN 38449, $1.00
I don't want to be too hard on this zine, especially since it's a DIY zine and from Tennessee, but it really does nothing for me. The one thing I do like about it, however, is they aren't afraid to state what they like even if it's not cool to the rest of us hardcores out there. I mean, anyone who can state they like The Strokes (yuck) and Iron Maiden (metal heroes for me way back in the dark ages when I was a teenager) in the same zine I have to give props to. But other than that, there isn't too much here to make it worth my dollar. A lot of it is ads "for our bands and bands we like," as they state and although I know ads are needed to keep zines going, too many of them and not enough other things diminishes a zine's value. Also, one thing I noticed is they waste a lot of space where if they learned how to utilize their space better, they could sell it for less since it would cost less to press. Plus, while on the space issue, this zine is full sized and spirally bound, and some ads were cut off due to them not thoroughly thinking about their layout. Since it is their first issue, I won't totally dismiss them just yet. Let's see what their next couple issues are like and that should give me a better idea of what they are about, but as of right now, it's just not worth my time… Foghorn

Aftermath, Shannon Colebank, Whizzbanger Productions, P.O. Box 5591, Portland, OR 97228, $5.00 USA, Canada, Mexico, $7.00 World, No trades accepted, prisoners pay in stamps
Now anyone who didn't read the last CHR zine, both Paul and I reviewed two other zines from this person. Both of them were pretty much ripped apart by us, and this one deserves the same treatment. This zine is all about the "Aftermath" of September 11th and her misguided reasoning behind why the U.S. did the things we have. Now I hate Bush as much as anyone, but some of her opinions are just plain wrong. She states the real reason for the war in Afghanistan was just another war over oil. I believe the war in Iraq has a two-part reason. One is revenge for the father since they tried to assassinate Bush Sr. in 1993 and the other being for the oil. And although I don't support the war in Iraq at all, I do, however right or wrong, understand why we went into Afghanistan and it had little to nothing to do over oil. She makes her case in this article about a supposed underground pipeline that was being considered to run through Afghanistan that the Taliban opposed. I tend to think that if Bin Laden weren't to blame for the terrorist attacks on the U.S., we wouldn't be there. Also, as you all know, we here at CHR despise poetry and the last three-quarters of this zine is poetry. And it's not just anti-Bush poetry; it's anti-U.S. rubbish. All I can say to her is, if you don't like it here, get the fuck out. America is not perfect by any means, but if you think it sucks to be here, go live in any Third World Country for a while, and I know you will be begging to come back… Foghorn

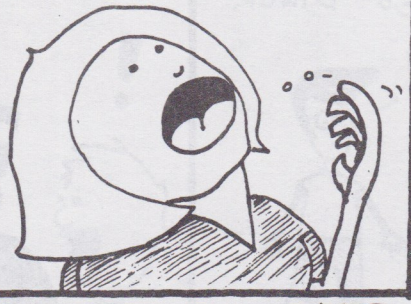
THE CHAIR

A STUPID COMIC BY P. de VALERA 6/02

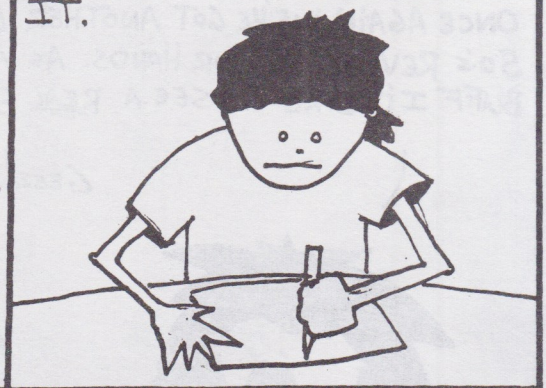
SO, I'M A SUBSTITUTE TEACHER FOR THE LAUSD.



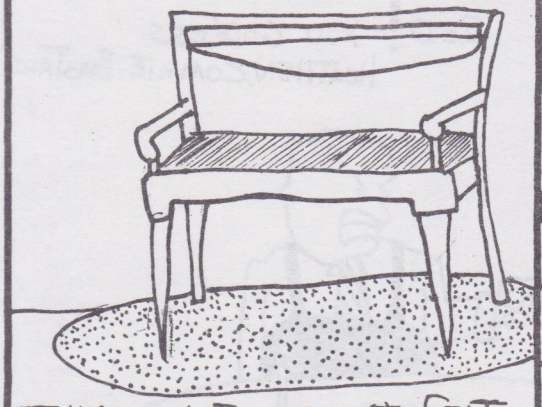
IN MOST CASES, YOU HAVE A "CONFERENCE" PERIOD. MOST TEACHERS USE THE TIME TO HOP UP ON CAFFINE & ADVIL TO GET READY FOR THE NEXT BUNCH OF BRATS.



NORMALLY, I USE THE TIME TO READ OR DRAW. SOMETIMES I TAKE A NAP IF I'M REALLY OUT OF IT.

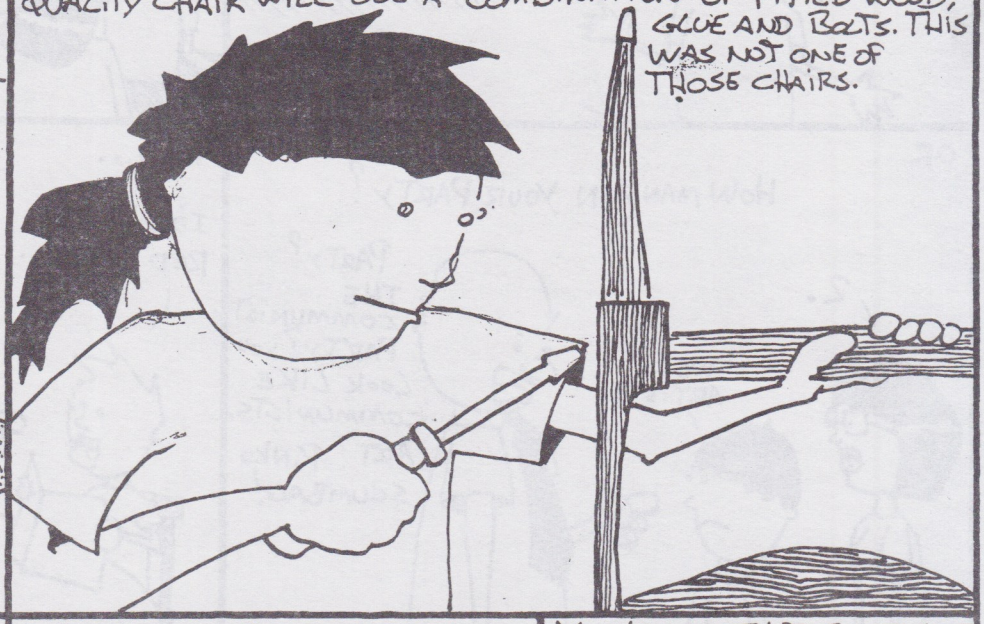


SO DURING ONE OF THESE CONFERENCE PERIODS I WAS SITTING IN THIS CHAIR. THERE WAS NOTHING EXCEPTIONAL ABOUT THIS CHAIR.

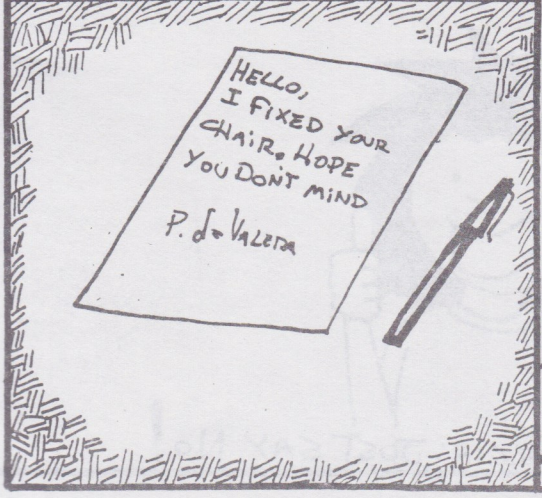


IT WAS RICKETY, SO IT FELT UNSAFE.

I FOUND A SCREWDRIVER AND TIGHTENED IT UP. A GOOD QUALITY CHAIR WILL USE A COMBINATION OF FITTED WOOD, GLUE AND BOLTS. THIS WAS NOT ONE OF THOSE CHAIRS.

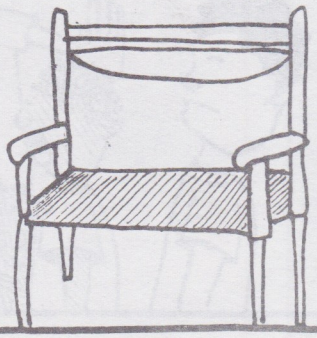


SO I THOUGHT OF LEAVING A NOTE FOR THE TEACHER THAT I FIXED THE CHAIR.



BUT THEN I REMEMBERED SOMETHING JOE STRUMMER SAID. (FROM THE CLASH) HE GAVE TO CHARITY BUT WOULDN'T SAY TO WHOM. HE SAID IF YOU TOLD IT WASN'T CHARITY, BUT VANITY. I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.

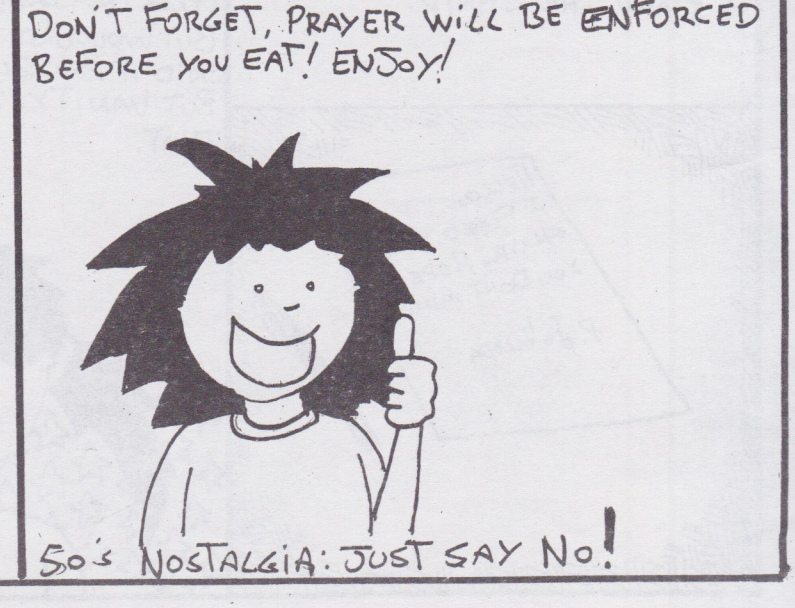
YOU KNOW THAT SOMEWHERE A CHAIR WAS GIVEN A LITTLE MORE LIFE. WILL THE TEACHER EVEN KNOW? WHO'S TO SAY? THEY MAY GET MAD BECAUSE IT'S NOT MY RESPONSIBILITY, BUT I THINK I DID THE RIGHT THING.



THE REAL 50's DINER

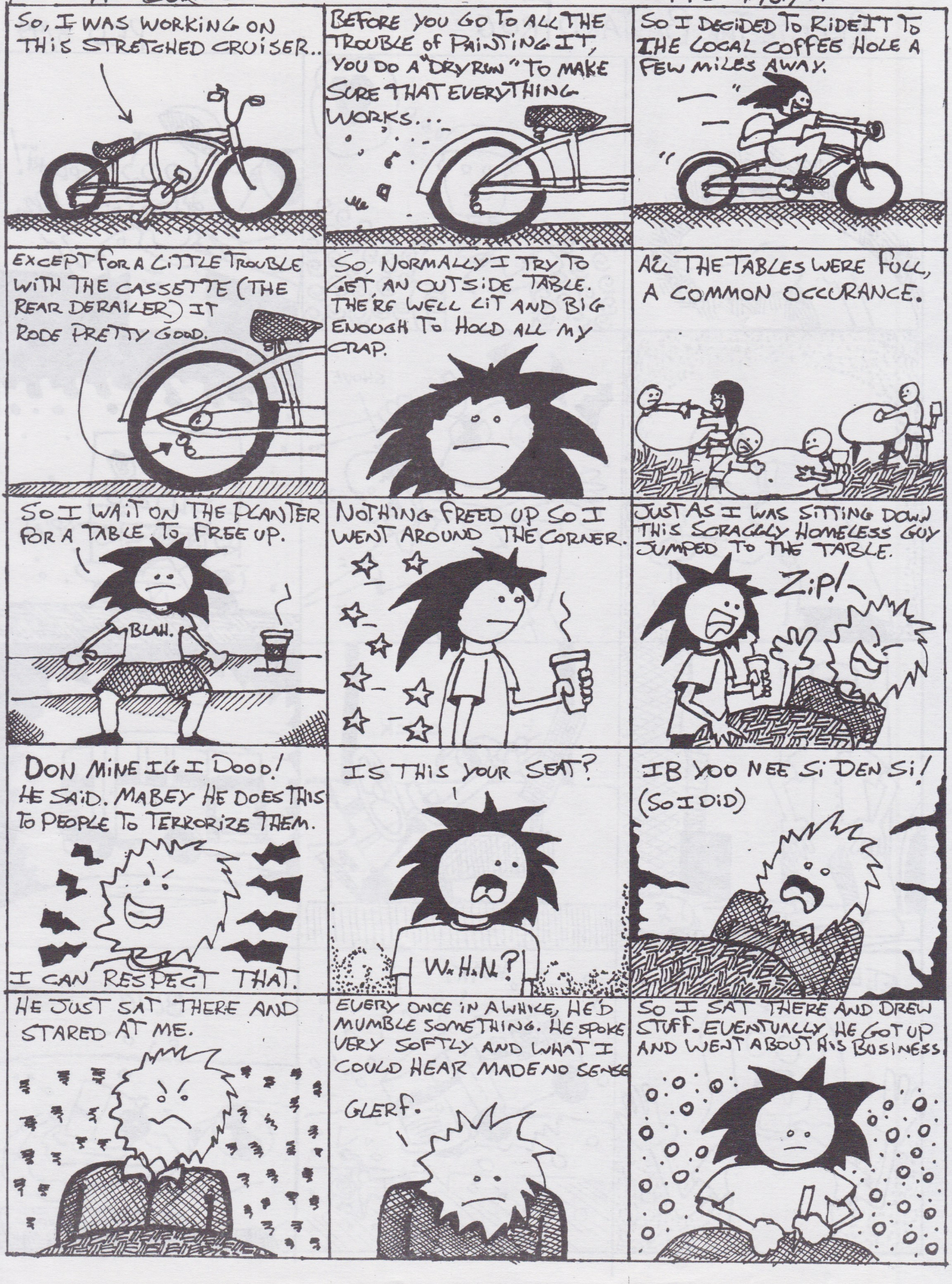
PFD 10/03

OH YEAH, YOU FORGOT ABOUT THAT PART HUH.
"SORRY! NO CHINKS, NEGROES, SPICS, KIKES, OR GREASERS ALLOWED. ONLY REAL AMERICANS SERVED HERE."



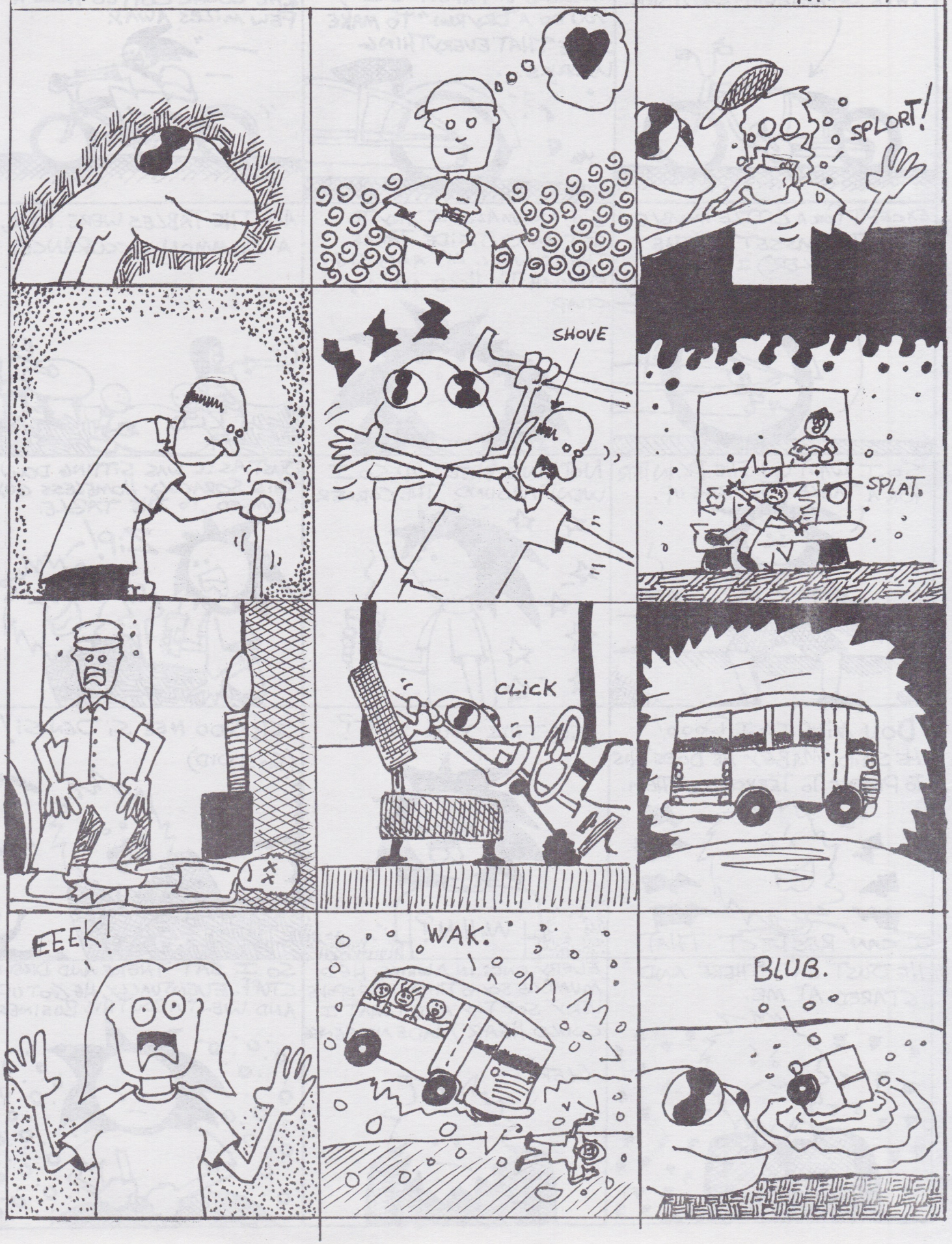
A COMIC

PFD 7/31/01


So, I WAS WORKING ON THIS STRETCHED CRUISER..
BEFORE YOU GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE of PAINTING IT, YOU DO A "DRY RUN" TO MAKE SURE THAT EVERYTHING WORKS...
So I DECIDED TO RIDE IT TO THE LOCAL COFFEE HOLE A FEW MILES AWAY.
EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE CASSETTE (THE REAR DERAILER) IT RODE PRETTY GOOD.
So, NORMALLY I TRY TO GET AN OUTSIDE TABLE. THERE WELL LIT AND BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD ALL MY CRAP.
ALL THE TABLES WERE FULL, A COMMON OCCURANCE.
So I WAIT ON THE PLANTER FOR A TABLE TO FREE UP.
BLAH.
NOTHING FREED UP So I WENT AROUND THE CORNER.
JUST AS I WAS SITTING DOWN THIS SCRAGGLY HOMELESS GUY JUMPED TO THE TABLE.
ZIP!
DON MINE IG I DOOO! HE SAID. MABEY HE DOES THIS TO PEOPLE TO TERRORIZE THEM.
I CAN RESPECT THAT.
IS THIS YOUR SEAT?
W.H.N?
IB YOO NEE SI DEN SI! (So I DID)
HE JUST SAT THERE AND STARED AT ME.
EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, HE'D MUMBLE SOMETHING. HE SPOKE VERY SOFTLY AND WHAT I COULD HEAR MADE NO SENSE
GLERF.
So I SAT THERE AND DREW STUFF. EVENTUALLY HE GOT UP AND WENT ABOUT HIS BUSINESS.

REGGIE THE BASTARD FROG

P.F.D. 8/99



Slapshot: Digital Warfare/Bridge Nine Records PO Box 990052 Boston MA 02199-0052 www.bridge9.com

I thought this band was long dead, but here we are with a new release for veteran hardcore Straight Edgers Slapshot. Being an old fan of this kind of music, and seeing the straight edge scene change from good hardcore bands like Uniform Choice to chugga-chugga metal bands like Strife, it's good to know now we're back to the good shit again. I'd say this release is just a little less than the classic Step on it ep that came out close to twenty years ago but is still a very strong release. Good hardcore, they even do the cookie monster song, just so you know not to take yourselves all that seriously. Any fan of Slapshot in their heyday would enjoy this release, and any newbies to the scene should pick it up to see where all the bands that you are listening to have been biting their shit from. P. de Valera

Stand & Fight: self titled Bridge Nine Records PO Box 990052 Boston MA 02199-0052 www.bridge9.com

Whoa. The first thing you see is a guy's hand on the cover: it's got a big X on it and he's (yep you guessed it) pointing! If that was not a dead give away, the pointing X hand has the X swatch watch on its wrist. Nailed to the mutha fucking X dude. This record brings me back when I got to see Outspoken, Chain of Strength, and Stand as One (pre strife) for 2 bucks. That being said, I really enjoyed this release for being very old school hardcore sXe. If you like bands like Uniform Choice, Gorilla Biscuits, Insted, Life Sentence, etc. you get the idea, you'd most likely be into these guys. It's two ep's put together for around 18 minutes of listening pleasure. A strong release, not breaking any new ground here guys, but keep the X's up and all that stuff. P de Valera

Any Last Words: self titled 7" Havoc Records PO Box 8585 Minneapolis, Mn 55408 www.havocrex.com

Havoc records never seems to disappoint. Punk fucking rock, every fucking time. So many labels pump out a fair amount of crap along with the good stuff, not the case for Havoc. It's obvious that it's put out by true fans and not for profit. This band is good, they have some really fast songs and then some slower punk songs, all of which are good head bobbin' shit. They say they're hardcore, and I guess compared to the nerf punk coming out these days Any Last words are pretty fast and hard. Or maybe anything with a break down in it is considered hardcore now a days, I don't know or care too much for that matter. They remind me of some early 80's LA punk ala Wasted Youth at times, and then the more contemporary hardcore stuff with faster songs. All in all, a good release. I'd say the vocals could use a little brushing up or perhaps gargling some glass etc. for a more abrasive sound to match the music a bit better. Cool cover art to boot. Excellent. P. de Valera

Rapid Fire Distraction: Self-titled e.p. www.valleypunk.com This is a five-song demo of sorts. I enjoyed it thoroughly. It had a real raw, honest, chunky, thick sound. This shit is short, fast, and loud. I like short songs. The guys in the band don't play their instruments with any incredible skill, and I think that makes them better as a band (no one is trying to get a solo). I saw them live when my band Varant Majarian played the Cobalt with them. Live they fall into that S.B.I.G. (so bad it's good) category. The vocals are sort of that slurrish Tim from Rancid type of groaning. This c.d. was entertaining and short, in other words, perfect for those with A. D. D. and AD&D like myself-you'll dance to anything (Dead Milkmen reference for no reason not an insult directed towards this fine band). B-without the ig and the lizard in my backyard.

Shitting Glitter Sexy Clown Circus: STS Records www.shittingglitter.com

Hide your hamsters! Shitting Glitter is on the loose! This c.d. is Gay and not only in the 80's sense of the word. With songs like Slut Buffet and Mustache Rides, this quartet openly expresses their Gayness. The problem is-the music contained on this c.d. mostly sucks. This is where it gets that 80's Gayness stamp of approval as well. It does, however, have 2 redeeming points about it: first, they do a fine cover of Missing Persons' What Are Words For; second, the keyboards have a Devo-like sound to them on some songs. All in all however, this album is just boring and bad. I have to say that I find most Gay people boring. Most of them try to shock everyone by telling everybody they're Gay, but the reality is, nobody fuckin' cares. I know I don't. The Dead Milkmen said it best in their song Instant Club Hit (You'll Dance To Anything), "don't try to tell me that you're an intellectual, because you're just another boring bisexual. I met Andy Warhol at a really chic party! Blow it out your hairdo 'cause you work at Hardees. I know I've quoted The Dead Milkmen twice now, but so what, get over it! In closing, I find Gay people's taste in music to be completely offensive (i.e. Judy Garland, Barbara Striesand, and Barry Manilow). Turbonegro are entertaining for 20 minutes, and Pansy Division suck ass (figuratively and literally). Because of this bent I have (figuratively) regarding Gay people's taste in the arts (I'm not touching that one figuratively or literally), I don't get this album. But then again, I'm not their target audience. I still make noise when I fart, and so I don't get their angle (literally). (B)ehave

Death by Death: self-titled e.p. www.deathxdeath.com dxd@deathxdeath.com Screamy metal. Fast with good build ups and interspersed with slow, melodic interludes. This band can definitely play their instruments well, and they create interesting songs with

many different sound changes. The bass is heavy throughout this e.p. It is pretty much the lead instrument on the c.d. (another + in my book). The guitars and drums provide a solid background, and the vocals scream over the top (not the Stallone classic about professional arm wrestling, but you get the point). I'm interested in hearing a full-length effort from this band, as they rock and my devil sign fingers require more time in the upright thrusting position! B (turning the cap backwards and preparing to arm wrestle)

Premonitions Of War: Life In Kowloon, Victory Records 346 N. Justine Street suite 504 Chicago, Il 60607 premonitionsofwar.com Chugga chugga Jooooooooooooosh. Chugga Chugga Jooooooooooooosh. Fast songs and slow songs of chugga chugga Jooooooooooosh. Generic Death Metal that was not as offensive as it was unmemorable. This c.d. would probably have gotten a stellar review had C-Dub or Handz reviewed it, but since they didn't, it got vetoed. I'm just a (B)ill and I'm sittin' here on Capitol Hill

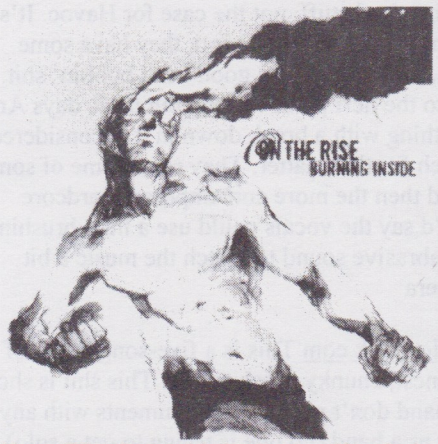
Some Kind Of Hate: Undisputed, Bridge Nine Records P.O. Box 990052 Boston, MA 02199-0052 www.bridge9records.com Hard fuckin' core! I thought it was gonna' be an Oi album because the cover has a skinhead kid flashing the up yours sign while being carted away by a cop on it. Instead, it had 12 hardcore power tracks that made me start a one-man slam pit in my truck. It's great to hear a band that's actually into their music. It comes through in their recording, and makes me wonder if their shows pack as much energy (I'd like to find out). Solid vocals, hard drumming, thick bass, and duel guitars make this quintet's c.d. a truly good record. (worker)B

Shank: Coded Messages In Slowed Down Songs, Deep Six P.O. Box 6911 Burbank, CA 91510 www.deepsixrecords.com Six Two Five Thrashcore P.O. Box 423413 San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 www.625thrash.com Thrashy and crusty with sound bite messages in between each song. I find most of this kind of music funny and weird; more novelty than serious. It was cool though, and I found that the sound bites help separate the tunes. I've heard a lot of these types of bands, and a lot of times, it's hard to figure out where one song ends and another begins. It's all good though, and this band and the style of music is entertaining, but live is where it gets really entertaining, and I'd check these guys out if they actually came around and the price was right. (Bumble)B

Amityville Whore: Sleaze Core, http://amityvillewhore.tripod.com

Sleaze core, that's exactly what this band is, sloppy drunk armpit humping. Sleaziness at its finest. With song tittles such as "Sloppy seconds Scumfucker," and "Welcome to Sodom", we can tell right off the bat that this band is a joke. I will hand it to them for creative names though, "Fuckface the Rapest (rapist spelled wrong), Necroburger, Creep of the Crotch, and Lord Scumbag. As for the music, think really bad Gwar, and other examples of 90's buttcore. Recording sounded good, that is production wise, most of the songs sound the same, but that is what they are going for, I think? A Solid listen if you like laughing. –Handz

On The Rise: Burning Inside, Bridge Nine P.O. Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052 www.Bridge9.com



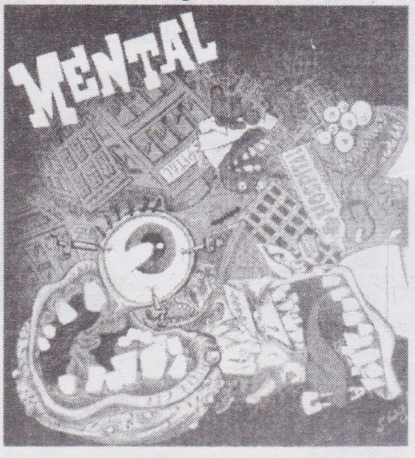
This is not your typical Bridge Nine release. If you're into bands like VISION, SHELTER, H20 you'll like this band. I was a little disappointed when I heard this. The cover art is awesome, so I was expecting something a little heavier. Whenever I thought they were going to do something hard, they ended up doing something real soft. Production sounds great, vocals I wish were tougher, guitars solid, bass and drums together. But in the long run, a very generic sounding band. I bet the live shows are a lot better, and they probably get tons of hot mama jamas at the shows. Rock harder. –Handz

Scars Of Tomorrow: Rope Tied To The Trigger, Victory Records 346 N Justine Street, Suite 504 Chicago, IL 60607, www.victoryrecords.com

Scars of Tomorrow deliver eleven solid tracks of metal intricized hardcore. Each track sounding similar but encouraging the listener to rock. Fans of Hatebreed would love these guys. I can imagine the show right now kicking asses that wine and tearing plugs out with floor punches. The over all production of the band is great, I like the little fades in and out here and there creating a little more ambiance. Musicianship in the band is real solid, esp., drums and bass. Defiantly check out this band if they are coming to town. –Handz

Hope/The Dean Malenkos: split cd, Aggravated Music P.O. Box 10699 Glendale, CA 91209 www.thedeanmalenkos.com, www.hopepunk.com, www.aggravatedmusic.com

I've talked about feeling uncomfortable before in the past, I talk about being uncomfortable in the present, man I hate feeling uncomfortable. Hope brings us three uncomfortable tracks, then The Dean Malenkos does the same. Now I don't mean uncomfortable like, "man that is horrible," or "this sucks." I mean uncomfortable like 6th, 7th, 8th grade junior high dance where all the hot girls are in the 8th grade and won't dance with you or give you the time of day 'cause your in the 6th grade uncomfortable. Plenty of guys and girls have pre-marital sex in high school. I did, did you? Does that make you feel uncomfortable? –Handz



Mental: Get An Oxygen Tank! Bridge Nine Records P.O. Box 990052 Boston, MA 02199-0052 USA www.bridge9.com

This band rocks the shit out of your ass before you eat that tasty burrito from that spot you know you should not have eaten at. Mental brings us sixteen tracks of early DRI sounding HC/Punk. This is more of what I mean by a Bridge Nine release. Production sounds great, real heavy and chunky breakdowns, and solid guitar sounds. The cover art is great also, fits the name Mental. If you are a fan of rocking and like breakdowns that don't sound like everyone else check out this band. Good work lads; lets hear more. –Handz

Mullets & Alcoholics: Comp CD Hussieskunk.com & SFL Records presents

What is there to say that the name does not tell already? Thirty-four songs of punk debauchery, well you know not real punk but that kid stuff they play now that you can skate to at parks, or ride dirt bikes and jump over mountains, or go to Warped Tour, or ride the school bus with safety pined patches. This would also be a great comp to eat hotdogs and have real sloppy sex with your cousin's friends. Or you could ride a pony and drink a sixer of Keystone Light, while lighting ass farts on fire. In the long run, it's a fun CD to drink and have orgies to. -Handz

Coldread (sample cd), 161 South Street, apt. 13 Plymouth, MA 02360, www.coldread.com, leadpipe@coldread.com

The cd came with a card insert that read "original metal from Massachusetts." There's metal, yes, and there's some neat things they're

doing when playing around with their sound. But "original?" No. There is still much too much that has been heard before from the vocal style to overall composition (wash the 90s out already). Scott Weiland would love you guys. Do you really want that hanging over your heads? Does *anybody*? No.

Ann Beretta - Three Cord Revolution, annberetta@juno.com, www.annberetta.com, managed by bds9 entertainment: info@bds9ent.com

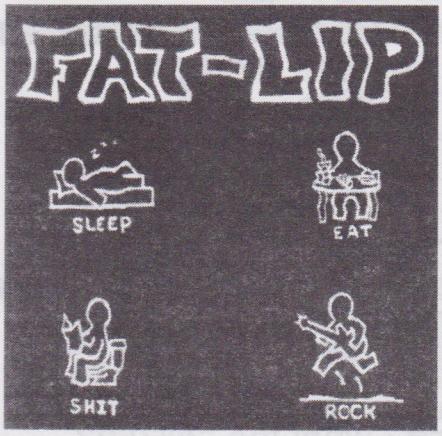
Another spokesman for the Noxzema Corporation, I felt like a little girl again thanks to the diminutive efforts of AB. This is indie rock trying to be punk on a soggy-cereal level – had a sort of promising beginning, but disintegrated upon further listening. I wouldn't recommend it except as a gift for your 13 year-old princess niece. And even then she might know better.

Jackass, 805.641.0225, Ventura CA, jackasstrash@aol.com

Yeeeee HAW! Jackass gets to be Sheriff of Kick Ass Corral! This rocked, and even though I'm not the biggest of Credence Clearwater fans, their cover of "Bad Moon Rising," or whatever it's called was pretty damn decent. Please, please let me keep this, Paul? I promise I won't hide popcorn-flavored candy under your bedding anymore. Jackass is something like rockabilly, but with more cowboy thrown in. Hickabilly? I don't know. I just want to have a cookout so I can play this. Chili cheese for the ears.

Step Forward – Rubber Bullet, PO Box 184 Lamberville, NJ 08530

Not exactly rubber, but still an emo bullet through the brain to listen to, all the same. Track 3 alone caused irreversible damage, and for that the band should be severely beaten. However, tis the Easter season and I am not unlike Jesus in all of this. I descended into the depths of Emo Hell, enduring its tortures so that you, my Dear Reader, shalt not have to. So stay away from this piece of dogcrap, for it is filth. Amen.



Fat Lip, contact Dennis Childress 559.904.3778 or Juan Melchor 559.362.4728, mackers_rock@msn.com

Nice cover and nifty vinyl-record look for the cd. A solid punk/metal hybrid, if you dig then you will definitely enjoy these guys. For my short attention span, eleven songs were a few too many but even so, it's a-some nice stuff. Grab it if you see it. Me likey, that's that.

Ox vs. Thunderbird "Year Of The Ox" theoxrocks@hotmail.com

Cookie Monster is pissed off! This band is extremely hardcore, I guess you'd call it Death Metal, complete with deep, snarling, screaming vocals and all. I'm not into this kind of stuff, but if you are, you might like this record. Amidst all the crashing guitars and pounding drums there are a few interludes where it slows down a bit, becoming more melodic, almost pretty. If you want to understand the lyrics, you can refer to the handy sheet inside. In doing so you'll encounter a string of semi-disassociated stream-of-consciousness words from a really nice thesaurus, or perhaps a D&D handbook. Some may find this all quite poetic, but whatever. I really like the spinny cover art. --Dylan TuckerK-Dawg DesAstyr

"K-Dawg." Thrash House Geocities.com/DIYBIGWORLDS

This sounds like it would be under the "Highly Experimental" section at Amoeba. A drum machine freaking out over some atonal synthesizer sounds, with vocals that sound like that pointy-eared demon kid from "Legend." Completely unintelligible, but that is totally beside the point. THEN it switches to a 150 b.p.m. crescendo, several times. With samples from old t.v. shows sprinkled here and there amongst the Satan growlings this "music" recalls flipping through the channels at 4 in the morning trying to ride through a really bad acid trip. Or maybe a meth lab inside a Circus Vargas in Palmdale. Gruesome, but oddly tuneful, I wouldn't buy this, but I was strangely compelled to listen to all seventeen minutes anyway. --Dyl-Hole

Ploughound "Focus On The Candy" Snowball Records www.ploughound.com

Ploughound is your basic poppy rock/ punk lite. It's a well-produced c.d. with nice touches here and there and vocals you can understand, which I like. The songs themselves are pretty competent, just not very memorable. For a gay band, they don't really sound like it; I wouldn't have known that without going on their website. They sure don't have the personality of a Pansy Division or Extra Fancy, but it sounds like they've listened to these bands. This record is resolutely middle of the road. None of the lyrics stand out much. There's nothing new here but it's slightly hooky and handclappy, might induce mild bouncing, but no dancing or pogoing. I didn't say, "Turn it off," but I didn't say, "Turn it up" either. –Dylonious

Voetsek - Session 1 Castrator LP Pre-Prelease, DIY, karaterex.com/voetsek

Serve me up another bowl of crusty-o's, I'm not full yet. My appetite for extreme music has just enough room left for a second helping. Voetsek is quite delicious, female vox with blast beats galore. I have yet to see them live, but after hearing their material, I would definitely hit them up the next time they come through town-Cdub

If Hope Dies - The Ground is Rushing Up to Meet Us, Ironclad Recordings, P.O. Box 1757, Wakefield, Ma 01880, www.ironcladrecordings.com

The first thirty seconds of this record caught the attention of my ear, but soon after I found more entertainment in the bubbling sound my bong makes. Generic new metal that is nothing short of every other "metal" sound. No distinctions what so ever to separate them from anyone else, and each song tends to almost sound the same. You guys should smoke more budz, maybe the creativity would flow a little better. If hope died, what about if Cdub died. Ahhh, I'm dead, good now I don't have to listen to this CD anymore-Cdub

Tear It Up - Taking You Down With Me, Havoc Records, P.O. Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com

I see myself at house party, a band in the living room, dogs in the trash, and drunk punks everywhere. Beer and budz are being passed as a mini mosh pit engulfs the couch. A hardcore hybrid with rock and roll roots. Have some good clean fun with a bunch of dirty guys-Cdub

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